

Approaching the Magic Number

Views of Hammarbybacken

It's far too stifling though it's early
in the morning. Everything has
a ticking sound today.
I don't know that I'm terribly gracious.
Thought is a burden.
I slept in a small space.

Skating is an odd activity.
It only leads to ice. The air lisps.
There's a crack in the hill.
The skiers are well aware.
It's not a race.
The dogs take their time.
Tell me if it was the white one
who growled.

The dark is no darker than the dark.
It's hard to tell.
The harbour spreads light.
Light a candle and smell your gloves.
Remember how children turned
round each other. How they'd fit
no matter what. It's another medium.
And hopes are dashed.

Standing in an old kitchen
surrounded by famous photographs
has an attraction.
You play along with a type of thinking.
The glass approaches the magic number.
There is no evidence.
But I remember how the ship turned
and rammed the Baltic moon.

There's warm breath across the platform
at Slussen. It will arrive in two minutes.

Jill Jones. 'Approaching the Magic Number'.
Transnational Literature Vol.10 no.1, November 2017.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

Don't be confused by the Red Line.
Each vagabond had a place.
The trolls are getting cuter.

Don't tell me the old town smiles.
If I set sail, do I return?

Jill Jones